

Love call me
by Pierre Gauvin

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These 34 poems are distilled from a 350 pages hand written letter I sent by post to my friend Eric Simon. He introduced me to Richard Brautigan's books in 1994 by suggesting I read Dreaming of Babylon. I then read and reread all of Brautigan's writings ever since.

"I, Pierre Gauvin, submit this unpublished manuscript, written by me and entitled, Love Call Me. I assign the following rights for usage of my manuscript by others:

None. I retain all rights as holder of copyright for this manuscript.

Date February 11, 2019
Signed Pierre Gauvin

Pierre Gauvin

Love call me

Coffee of the afternoon

Hands touch each other accidentally.
So brief in the living room.
Sun on the carpet,
shadow of your hair.
Particles floating,
lit by the ray.

I turn around,
look at the angel.
Heart of the world in the light.

I drink a sip of my steaming coffee.
Presage is behind me.
I do not ask myself questions.
You will give the answer.
Life of the heartbeat
leads to this moment:
Sunny living room.

Faces from the inner world

The sun is welcome, like a friend.
Still and silent
getting lost in the north.

Strong, open minded,
I hope to leave soon to adventure
in the light of the sun.
I will recognize my friends.
They will enlighten me,
more precious than all the gold of the earth.
Faces travel from the inner world.

Happy to see her

Remembrance of her green eyes forever.
I move away from them, taking a labyrinth
without looking behind.
I hit a wall that explodes in trillion stars.
I'm sorry, this is the expanding universe.
There are black holes and small grey aliens.
I know that she knows they are not cruel.
She has a lot on her mind;
lemons and grapefruits among other things.

She will not leave,
she will stay very real in my head,
my thoughts, my brain, my soul
all trembling.

Crazy wind

Ô if love wins
the moving fields
will answer in dances
towards heaven:
Silver shooting stars.

They will continue their trajectories,
diving in streams.
Trouts swimming rapidly
against nocturnal currents.

Along the Red

I love what I hear.
I bleed and you bleed.
Our blood mixes.
We hear the drops.

A pond
from which a stream flows
poures into the Red river.

Radio cassette player on the table:
We leave it there,
playing our conversation from yesterday
in repetitive mode.

We walk away
towards the smoke in the distance.
You wear green satin gloves.
I have a hand in my pocket
holding a medalion of Saint Christopher.

Calm and warm weather.
We continue our journey
on the path in the forest,
along the Red.

Going through the inevitable

The path is always the same.
I cross a park alongside fields
of soccer, tennis courts, grass and trees.

I move away from the usual path.
Look back surprised to see
the good old way of last week.
I do not need to go elsewhere.

I will take another trail
later in my bed

Trials

Dimensions of the still world.
Naked, I don't need evidence.
They will be my work clothes.

Days of delight on book shelves.
They are such beautiful beams
where I will find the depth
of which I am certain.

Enlighten me, I rise.
Remove the trials one by one
to the sound of music.
Walk along the streams
in front of the frogs.

Path to your heart

The rain falls on you.
Sitting outside waiting
at three o'clock at night.

I worry for naught.
You play your harmonica in a magical way.
Further, down the hill,
a friend comes to keep you company.

The moon pierces the clouds
that fly by at full speed.

The friend walks past you without saying anything
but he whistles as if to accompany you home.
Do you want to go there?
We can go as far as you wish.

It is on the mountain, very high.
There are lights to guide us
to the summit where there is a dance club
in a gold mine.

It is there that we find the path
to your musical heart where we live.

We are out of the woods
that is our noggin.
We are out of it forever.
We jump and dance
to the noises of the valley.

Lets sing at the Bijou!

Old thirty three rpms
on which falls a needle.
Each song around the world:
Blind strangers.

The rocks need them to refresh.
As soon as they admit it,
they will be together and crisp.

They will sing:
A jigsaw puzzle of cheeks and lips.
Cascades of chins and hesitating necks.
The closeness of bosoms.
Holy water and bellies.

I will walk alone listening
to an old Dina Shore song.
Marvellous musicians
except for one,
in the clarinets section.

Vintage vinyls.
A long walk of twenty one years.
On the mountain, in sweat,
I make the effort of remembering the route
taken so often
that I forget it,
regarding it as granted.
Where does it lead us?
Through the marsh, towards the Bijou,
its criminals and marshals.

Reunion

I then moved to Dallas
to give a concert in a house.
I was jumping and letting go.
I moved and I realized:
Nobody in the house knew me.

Month of april 2000.
Somebody didn't like me.
He was following me everywhere,
rudely looking at me.
I turned around and told him: «Thank you».

We had reunited.
We sat together.
He had changed his name.
He was unrecognizable:
Sunglasses, moustache,
checkered hat.

It became quiet in the house.
We went together in a room
with flames in the fireplace
and a pianist singing in a soft voice:
"My head in my hands
and a thought... under the floor.
I question all that lives.
Don't change the lock..."

Barfly

We go out to the movies
to see the version of your novel.
The producers mistreated you.
You won't make a cent
with this big international distribution
that attracts crowds.

You walked out before the end of the film,
feeling alone.
In the film version,
you walked into the bar
speaking loudly
giving slaps on the backs:
That is not your style.

Sitting at the bar you waited for yourself.
You were strong.
Finally arrived,
discreet, standing, in a corner.

Gimli, Narcisse, Fisher Branch

A hotel far away in the north
on the black prairies at night.
Bear between the big round hay bails.
He fends me off to the room.

On the wall, a clock
doesn't show the hour.
Space time out of action
finds us here
in this old lost hotel.

Looking for ghost towns of the north-west.
Tomorrow we will take the road.
The black soil, the fields on fire.
We will go back to the city.

The leaves whirl slowly
falling from the trees
on the sidewalks of Winnipeg in autumn.

Corridor

From home to home ajar.
My corridor leads to a few other abandoned rooms
which I did not suspect the existence.

Tonight I venture further down the hall
that becomes the corridor belonging to the others.
I end up in someone's living room.
I sit down on a couch.
A man who was in his kitchen
enters his living room and tells me:
«Nothing will hurt you as long as I'm here.»
My eyes are watching him.
He sits next to me.
He peels an orange.

I tell him I'm returning home.
And ask him to leave the lights on
because it will be night
when I'll arrive at my destination.

The ground is solid under my feet.
The soles of my shoes
settle gently on the floor boards
so as not to alert neighbors
who do not doubt
that I have access to their apartments.
I keep my head high up
knowing there are many stories above it.

I am not in a hurry.
I'm waiting to die.
My rabbit, Professor Bonhomme,
waits for her carrot.

The tranquility

The long shade is brilliant.
It doesn't hesitate
because it is the middle of the night.

Then the sun rose.
It was luminous
as your blazing smile.

Beyond the walls,
a few yellow leaves
still hanging
from the bare trees.
The wheat and golden grass
on the great plain.

Let's go out, let's walk
in the fresh air
towards the steppe.

We find a small quiet space.
The best of life to grow young again.
The awakening of the body by the spirit.

Force of nature where there is gold.
We go there
jumping for joy.

Two days on this island
with a special view.
We will be there tonight.
Where?
In the shadow of the moon.
Lost in the sea of tranquility.

Love call me

Don't worry.
Lie on the floor
a telegram in your hand.

Send it to me telepathically.
far away on the other side
of the impenetrable border.

The snow is lit by fluorescents.
Dances above the plain,
leaving behind:
Defeated people; smothered,
suffering, cold, broken,
frightened, imprisoned,
deaf and happy.
They are sublime.
We adore them
because they search
for a better land.

They cross the river
to join a goddess
with open hands
and to warn her.

A thousand of us
are lost.
We will lie down
on the snow tonight.

Shut the lantern
because we are all
lying in our white beds.

A herd of oxen
encircles and warms us.
They love us more than their cows.
May god bless these fine warm oxen.

A parade towards La Rochelle

The queen of crustaceans
tells me I am the cleanest light
of the garden under the tree.

She plays the drum.
She is leaving today
because she has nothing to eat.

She is going back to the sea this morning.
We give her a little white string.
She ties it to her drum.
Small cord, new little friend
of the drum will accompany them
during and throughout the long journey.

The melody of the drum
played by the great queen
of crustaceans, my sister.

This percussive melody
stays with everybody that will hear it
including the thin small string.

From the roofs of houses
people see the trio
parading proudly to the ocean.
From Clermont-Ferrand to La Rochelle.

Garbologiaa

Helsinki now wet and obscure.
The rain stops, winter begins.
A good luck charm crosses the ocean.

Wherever you find yourself, whatever the reason,
don't change your mind.
The trash is frozen.
Mendable clothes, reusable objects.
Garbage presented to the public.

Difficult trek, uncomfortable,
with abundant finds.
The solution resurfaces.
Discoveries on the streets of Québec,
Helsinki, Barcelona, Saint Petersburg.

Walks between the shadows
on sinuous roads
around the neck of cities.

Spirit once forgotten,
for a long time,
back in the world.

Open your eyes every day
despite its winter darkness.
Taking a walk,
being able to see
all these simultaneous lives.

One last song

The sleeping crowd behind us
as we escape with the light
of our lanterns.

We will get out alive.
The sun has set
before five thirty.
The day is now
a reflection in the mirror.

The last work song:
Happy to sing this diamond
out of the sun
that accompanies us everywhere.

I will be forever indebted
to these three gentlemen
who returned the ashes
of my big sister.
She is surrounded by roses
encrusted with diamonds
in the plaster park.

Everyone sings better than me.
They have no worries.
They go where they need to go,
especially in their distant beds
where we find life.

On the east coast

I press my head
on the soles of your feet
and look at the clouds.
They follow me.

A whole day,
stolen from me.
It begins in bed,
continues at breakfast...
Little thoughts on my shelves.
I will not forget them.
Simple mystery on the east coast.

The cloud is the face of the sky.
It stretches and becomes its foot.
It fights as if it was now its heart.
The heart of the sky is the key of the horizon.
It wins us.
It pumps snow through life.
It wakes us.
It returns to us.
Luminous as lightning.
We need it like it's a song.

Ô we pray the earth
because we are so weak.
Thieves of time.
We are moving away from the line of water,
leaving behind the knave.
We go on the spot
to find our shoes.

The last of the human words

There was another word on the horizon.
You should have seen him,
he was needed.
We loved him.
He was the last of the human words.

We saw him go.
He was dancing and playing freely.

When everything was said and done,
we did not want to know the truth.
Wanting to run away,
he was the best of all.

But he's gone
to never come back.
We are not sure why.
Where did he find himself?
Doesn't he care about us?
It's not like him
to disappear in such a way.

The stakes are high.
There are no more places to escape.
Except maybe here,
at home, on the paper
where the plan is drawn.
A destiny, as long as we follow it.

We grade time or we lose it

Not knowing what is time,
each of our steps fall
in a thick fog, so thick
that our eyes are suspended in it.

They float in the fog
only seeing a cloudy
whitish veil.

The strong odor
of sea and vegetation
rich and dense,
grass and leaves,
flowers and conifers
fill our nostrils and our lungs
of supple and soft sentiments.

Where are we?
Where where where.
Here in movement,
our feet touch
a soil of roots,
of moss and pine needles.

The road ends at the edge of the ocean

What is unique for each person is solitude.

Isolation, air, forest, ocean, tranquility.
Total solitude.

Anonymous black ship invades us.
Solitude is a place.
She is not here.

The small shadow disappears
in the large one of the black freighter
swallowed by the fog.

Went around the house in the field

We lifted big rocks in the field
to observe the insects swarm.
Earth worms, centipedes, ants,
white, black, brown and green worms,
spiders...
We put the rocks back in their places.
They are the skies of their villages.

Our house is surrounded
by fields and the sound of crickets at night.
A cricket sings closer to the others.
He is in the basement.
Alone on the cement.
He is black
blacker than the blackness that surrounds him.
He will fall asleep after us.
And then the sun will rise.
Trust us.
Trust yourself.

He will go take a walk during the day.
I saw him on the cement patio
sunbathing while the crickets played
tourists in the ant traffic
to the sound of cicadas and birds
so beautifully alive and light.

Eclipse of the harvest moon

We were here on the island at 10 pm.
Our gesture was a glance to the sky.
We hid here until morning.

The veil of clouds came,
masking the blood moon.
But throughout the night,
no drop was spilled.
It was retained by the fog.

Friends of the inner sanctum
sitting on tombstones
where their names are engraved.
They drink cups of Lipton soup
to warm up as they watch the eclipse.
Suddenly the lights go out.
They applaud the two heavenly bodies.

Help for the rejected

He watches a chinese opera
a glass of rhum and coke in his hand,
incredulous.

Dusk on the forgotten floor.
He advances without saying anything
towards what is coming.

He's not getting old alone.
He ignores nobody.
The story he lived is captivating.

Multiple new departures
of our united thoughts.
They get tangled in a great
revolutionary opera,
here where we live
giving us the chance
to help others.
After all, they all followed us
in this place.

Sidewalk stories

A one mile walk
on this mild and sunny
first day of spring.

Dirt roads treaded
by many steps today.
At each crossroads,
a thousand songs passed,
overflown by crows.

Foot is stepping out

I look at my inward foot.
He hid in my inner self.
What is wrong little inside foot?
I want you to tell me your story.
You are all mixed up within.
You are withdrawn within.
You are not alone with your good friends
the heart and the delicate brain.
They are so generous with you.
You have the same age.

The foot is walking under the rain
accompanied by his twin.
It's just as well,
He needed to stretch.

Far away, at twenty-five past midnight,
they are free.
They roar like loves.
My ears heard them.
My brain knows it.
They are down to earth.
There is no more mistery on the ground.
But space for another couple
so happy and bright.

The Winchester club

Bar lost in a village.
It is hard to find
but it is there nevertheless
in a half basement.
It is a private club
for retired actors.
They discuss and participate
in semi-legal activities.

In the past, trophies were won.
They are well exhibited on the shelves
in front of the mirror behind the bar.
They are very proud of them,
their actor's trophies.

The Winchester club 2

Lost between the bedroom and the bar.
I am decided to drink.
I enter the bar
knowing that you will be
the one I talk to.
You see double.
I order two double scotchs
on the rocks.
And two others for you.

The bottles and the trophies
mingle on the shelves
in front of the large marbled mirror
on the other side of the bar.
A few old actors
wear sun glasses
sitting at tables behind us.
Some discuss among themselves
of illicit plans as they usually do
here at the club in all confidentiality.

We are watching them through the mirror.
Snippets of words accompany the background
rock and rolling music of guitars.
The singer sings:
«I don't want any hassle
but now and again, hassle wants me.»

A man wearing a brown leather coat
plays with a video machine in the corner.
It is two o'clock in the morrow.

Brothers at the bar

They are fifteen years old
full of ideas in their heads.
For example:
Go travelling towards the east.
Or search for gold without ruin.
Celebrate bankruptcy.

Worrying about their mothers.
Where is mom?
In the vast dangerous world
where anything can happen.
Where the tentacles of octopus
capture her and stain her with ink.

Head lines

Sunlit bedroom in the morning.
Our place in bed
whith the sheets and blankets pell-mell.
Intertwined hair, sleepy heads.
Rays of dreams awake.
Open our eyes to life.
Guess what is behind the noise,
the fury of giant light.

Ornette Coleman

Something happens
during the summer night.

A master of jazz dies.

A figure melts
in the fog.
Makes steps on the shore.

Animates through gestures.
Drawn with fingertips
on the beach of ashes
under the moonlight.

Ornette Coleman breaks away
from the background.
Forms an acute dance
toppling melancholy
above sobriety.

Small change

A one hundred dollar bill
is floating on the water
of the fountain basin.

The music has stopped.
Somebody held her back in the sky.
I see her reflection on the water,
She is alone.
Heroin of a long story.
She made the wish of changing.